Library

The Cee-Ay

Of, By and For the Students of Columbia Academy

VOL. I. March 29, 1922, NO. 3.

THE CONQUEST OF THE LAW.

In this particular instance is well illustrated the fact that it is impossible to escape the long arm of the law.

Back in the early nineties a number of crimes were committed in that part of the border country controlled by Sergeant Goldstein, of the East Dubuque Mounted Police, and although the criminals were known, the officers were totally unable to apprehend them.

The crimes mentioned above were of a very atrocious and malicious nature. On the evening of March 31, 1896, the East Dubuque General Store and Apothecary Shop was raided and looted of $3.98 and ten packages Cubeb cigarettes. The proprietor, Francis Boesch, was almost prostrated upon learning of his tremendous loss.

The person last seen in the vicinity of the looted esatblishment were two notorious individuals whose presence had already graced the county hotel several times. Bad blood existed between the yeggs and the proprieotor of the looted esshy [illegible] several occasions.

* * *

Much In Little.

Joe: "What's the height of your ambition?"

Nic: "She comes about to my shoulders."

* * *

Rescue.

Bill Thompson, a country store keeper went to the city to buy goods. They were sent immediately and reached home before he did. When the boxes were delivred, Mrs. Smith uttered a scream as she opened the largest one.

"What's the matter Mandy," asked a customer.

Pale and faint Mrs. Smith pointed to the inscription on the box: "BILL INSIDE."

* * *

Lloyd: Census figures here that blindness is decreasing in Chi."

Jay: "In people mebe, but not pigs."

* * *

Frank: "It says here, China is building a new navy."

Spex: "Yeah! While other nations are junkink their ships, China is making ships of their junks."—Didymus.

Kellogg "These millionaire movie directors———

Hussey: ——can sure thank their lucky stars."—Didymus.

* * *

Powers: "Duffy, if you eat any more, you'll bust."

Elections In Junior Class.

In preparation for next year, the Junior Class held a meeting last Friday for the purpose of electing a president to head the class through their Senior year. Boyer, Coleman, and Morgan were nominated, but Al carried the election by a good majority, after which he gave a fine speech of acceptance, thanking the class, and holding forth the prospects of a very bright senior year. I am sure that Mr. Boyer will, as he said, "do all in his power for the class of '23."

Al's work in football and his efforts with the Cee-Ay show him to be whole hearted and sincere in anything that he takes up, and I am sure, we of this year's Junior class will never regret our choice of president.

—Tom Brennan, '23.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Paul Becker has been confined to the Infirmary the past week with an attack of appendicitis. As soon as Paul recuperates sufficiently he ex-'Act"11—submit to an operatiton at moonlight streak. We hope this will windows. Enter B. owever, and that arms full.

W-a-a-a-a-a! ! ! ! g

Curtain Slow.

* * *

Clayton: "Is that a picture of your girl?"

Gleason: "Yeah, what do you think about her?"

Clayton: "Pretty nice frame you've got."

* * *

A W K ! ! !

"Mamma, can I go outside and play?"

"No, John, stay inside the sun is too hot."

"But mamma, the house is on fire down here."

* * *

That's Different.

Wifie: "George, I hear someone in the house."

George: Z-z-z-z!! R-r-r-mph!!"

Wifie: "I think he's in the cellar."

George: ! ! ! ! "

—Judge.

* * *

Retort.

Doctor Jones was given to snoring.

His wife woke him the other night and said, "John, if you'd keep your mouth shut, you'd make less noise.'

"So'd you!" growled Doc as he changed position.

FLYING STARS.

You have all seen a starlit sky. It is one of the most beautiful gifts that God has given us. You are thrilled when you realize that many of these heavenly bodies are suns, many of them larger than our sun. Some stars are larger and brighter than others, and here and there you will see one flying into space, lighting up the heavens for a minute and then dying out and breaking up. If you can pick out one star and watch it thoughtfully for a while you will see a marked resemblance to man.

At first it is not very bright, and it is small. This is as the child. He is of no practical assistance to society. He is small and helpless. Still it is necessary that he be here. He must be developed to take the place of those who go before him. The future and not the present is his.

After you watch the star for a while it begins to grow larger and brighter. Substitute a boy, nearly through College. He is developed physically and he is trained mentally. He is beginning to see things from another angle and he realizes that there is much to learn and to do in this world, and he is beginning to think of what lies ahead.

Suddenly the star, which you have been watching, flies off into space. It lights up the universe for an instant. Here, you have the young man just out of College. He goes out into the world in search of wealth and happiness. He enters a profession. He is looked up to and admired. He becomes the shining star of his friends.

The star has finished its part in lighting up the heaven. It will no longer twinkle in the heavens. In this you see the old man, after he has completed his life's work. He looks back over his busy career when he was a shining light among his friends. Just as the star did its part to light up the universe, he did his part in uplifting society. He abided by the laws, educated his children, left them a good name and wealth, he was honest and charitable, and performed faithfully his [illegible]

ARTS VS. FORTH ACS.

Another thing the Cee-Ay will miss is the deciding game of the Senior league. Everyone knows that our reputation will be at stake and the Arts are sure to fight hard, and bolstered up by the support of Conway they will be hard to beat but we're sure our Seniors will fight harder.

"THE CEE-AY"

Published weekly in the interests of Columbia Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.

Wednesday, March 29, 1922.

Subscription price 5 cents per copy.

STAFF.

Editor .....Michael J. Martin, '22
Ass't. Editors .....J. M. Schlick, '22
..... John Ball, '22
Associate Editors .....
.....Thos. E. Brennan, '23
.....Arnold Stierman, '23
.....Hermitas Ross, '23
Managing Editors Gerald A. Yore, '23
.....William G. Scherer, '23
Athletics .....Kenneth C. Coleman, '23
.....Richard Dawson, '23
Proofs.....Jos. A. Clause, '23

Reporters.

Nicholas Gonner '22 Albert Boyer, '23
Edward Hussey, '23 Vincent Cota, '25
Hilory Naber, '24 G. O'Connor, '24
Mark Gavin, '25 Phil. Schremh, '22
Jas. J. Donahue, '23 Roger Bertch, '25

Typists

Louis Franke, '22 Thos. Brennan, '23
Joseph Tritz, '22 Clarence, Goerdt, '23
Chas. Kilcrece, '22 Marianno Falgui, '24

Editorial

OUR STAFF REORGANIZED.

This issue of the "Cee-Ay" finds the staff reorganized While the Juniors were "carrying on" more or less successfully it was thought best to turn the burden of the work over to the Seniors.

The present staff wish ot say they are willing to devote their time and efforts to make the Cee-Ay a success and a permanent fixture in the Academy. We assure you that it is our aim, with your kind co-operation, to put out a paper that will be a credit to St. Joseph Hall, to the Academy and to Columbia College in general.

However, if we should seem to make many blunders we ask that you not censor us too sharply. Please remember we are novices.

TO LORAS HALL.

We have been informed that some of our friends in Loras Hall took offense at the comment on their request in regard to the extension of the "Cee-Ay" columns to the College department. We are not anxious for controversy however.

The "Cee-Ay" was founded as an academy paper and as such we wish it to remain. We know and are willing to acknowledge that our college friends are well able to edit a student paper, but we see no reason why we should convert the Cee-Ay to supply the wants of Loras Hall students. However, we should be glad to extend our paper to Loras Hall items, but we would expect their support by subscriptions in return. THE STAFF.

LET'S USE DISCRETION.

With the advent of spring, a great hue and cry is raised for free-days. We all enjoy free-days, and they are necessary, as a respite from the daily routine of the class room, but let us remember that a free-day does not exempt us from preparing our class work for the day following. "I didn't have time to prepare, Father, yesterday was a free-day," is old and useless only serving to antagonize the faculty against holidays, so let's not lessen our chances of getting more of them by using it, for that's just what were' doing.

"Human Frailty" is a good phrase to use in explaining our shortcomings, but let's see if we can't overcome it, and make a little better showing "the morning after", in the future. Members of the faculty assure us that free-days will not only be easier to obtain, but that they'll be more enjoyable for all concerned.

Now don't you honestly think we can do a little better next time?

—J. M. S., '22.

If flys are flys ecause they fly,
And fleas are fleas because they flea
Then bees are bees because they be.
AIN'T IT? ? ?

Kipling says: I hate to be a kicker, I always stand for peace. But the wheel that does the squeeking is the wheel that gets the grease.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

There are still forty-five or so who have not as yet turned in their subscription money for the first five copies of this paper. Now it behooves them to turn in this money in the near future as we must have the support of all, no exceptions.

You all know that this copy is worth the price we are forced to ask, and we expect to grow better,, thereby giving you more than your money's worth, so. to revert to the vernacular, please "come across."

LOCAL ITEMS.

We are pleased to learn that Joseph McFadden, of 1335 Locust st., father of Paul McFadden, is much improved at this writing. We hope for Mr. McFadden's complete recovery in the immediate future.

Sympathy.

Rev. Father Fitzgerald mourns the loss of his aunt, Mrs. Schilling, who died at St. Francis Home, Dubuque, Tuesday. Deceased was buried at Mount Olivet Cemetery at Waukon, Thursday. Father Fitzgerald was present and officiated at the funeral obsequies.

Fortman threw two dollars away on one of his upshoots Monday the 27th—result—lower study hall minus a window. He will show some of his talent replacing the broken window. A large crowd expected.

—Vincent Cota, '25.

The Dumb-Bell Racque

GUESS WHO?

"Say McPartland, as soon as you ask me a question, this class will be dismissed."

"Schrup if you ever ditch my class again, I'll beat you up, and don't forget I can do it."

"McLain, give us an elucidation on the electrophorus."

"White, through what process of reasoning did you go through, to arrive at that conclusion?"

"Know your laws! Know your formulas!

"By the way, where are the twins this morning?"

"White! give us Lenz's Law?"

"Huh—I mean uh!—Sir!—Wha!—OH Lenz's Law, is pressure applied to any point in a conductor the lines of force are buoyed by the strained condition of the ether, and is indirectly proporitonal to the square of the distances between them.

"White! ! ! ! ! ! You don't know anything! ! ! !

A line of weary marchers,
Trend upward on the hill
To listen to the lectures,
Of dear old learned Bill.

He says our brains are made of tin,
Of rubber and all that,
Yet neverthe-less we love him
Love him well for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
We'll cherish his memory for a' that.

—"The Twins, '22.

MY DIPLOMA.

My diploma lies over the ocean.
My diploma lies over the sea,
But I think I'll be old and grey headed
Before it is presented to me.

O Ye Muses that travel the Ocean,
O Ye Muses, that travel the Sea,
I wish you would bring my diploma
Right past Z'aminations to me.

Chas. Kilcrece, '22.

* * *

Ode To Physics.

Little plates of copper,
Little strips of zinc,
Give us lots of knowledge
But raise an awful stinc.

—L. Whelen, '22.

* * *

Correct.

Prof.: "McPartland, who invented the steam engine?"

McP.: (Awaking suddenly. "W'at, sir?"

Prof.: "Who told you?"

—Y., '23.

* * *

Long John: (just after having been caught) "Gee, Fat, I'm in bad. Guess I'll have to turn over a new leaf."

"But I turn over a new leaf weekly and it doesn't do much good."

Fat: "You said it—Weakly."

"Casey", '23.

ATHLETICS

PLAY BALL.

Birds are singing in the trees. With their chirps comes the umpire's cry, and Huck's stentorian voice is once more heard above the resounding cracks of the bats. Old King Swat and Queen Strike-out have once more come into their own.

The call for academy baseball has been issued, and many aspirants good batters and otherwise, have responded with alacrity. Among the most promising candidates are Dick Horan and Hutchison, two snappy infielders, Martin a first-base man and Kentucky Clements will show some promise on the mound.

With practically all of last year's men back, there are not many positions running loose.

Lassance, Bertsch, Kopel, O'Connor and Forkenbrock, are out with their usual pep. Lynch can be counted upon to hold down a berth in the outer Garden.

Beyond a doubt the Academy will be represented by another snappy machine, which, if given a chance to show its worth, will more than burn up the diamond.

The students of the Academy would like to see the team play a goodly number of games and they feel sure that with Father Steffen as coach, the team can easily hold it's own against the best high-school teams in the state.

Even at this stage of the season, it is not indiscreet to say they can wallop the tar out of Dubuque High, St .Mary's and East Dubuque.

—"The Twins", '22.

TRACK.

We are told by Coach Davenport that he intends to find the speed demons in Columbia College. He is now drawing up a schedule for class meets to be held this year and if we are successful next year will find us with four varieties of sport instead of three.

The last track team that Columbia put before the world of sport was certainly a fast team. Those of you who were fortunate enough to see the last track team in action, certainly have not already forgotten it. The last meet certainly displayed Columbia's spirit; fast, clean and peppy throughout. It was a dual meet between Dubuque U. and Columbia College, then known as Dubuque College.

We hope and we have good reasons to hope that the track meets held this year will continue to show that old spirit, which dominated this college in the good ol' days.

We also can assure Coach Davenport that he will not be wanting in quality or quantity to work on. For haven't we with us the "Don" Mike of many medals, who traveled on the Philippin Olympic team? Also Long John Hanrahan, who hails from Chicago, and shows a fine pair of heels to those wishing to take up a chase.

We cannot at present enumerate them all, for surely, it would take a column for the names alone. So wait until you see them stepping it off around Clark field, and then you will know as surely as you know that spring is here when the robins begin their chirping, that Columbia Track Team is again.

And to our Senior class I say: There may be a cup in this and you may get it, but! You'll have to fight for it. Some old duck once said: "Everything comes to him who waits," but we have a better motto: "GO OUT AND GET IT."

—K. Coleman, '23.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

The Freshman Arts vs. Fourth Academics game rang down the curtain on the livliest and most fiercely contested series of games ever witnessed in Columbia gym.

Never for an instant was the spirit lagging, but rather increased as the season drew to a close.

The Atheltic Board and other members of the faculty were very well pleased with the whole schedule and the interest taken by the student body.

Although the Senior League cup remains at Loras Hall, they certainly spent some anxious moments before they were at all certain of it's continued presence there.

IB division of the Junior League, represented by W. Kann, P. Becker, B. Stallman, J .Hohman, J. Graham and E. Lynch romped off with the cup in their League, winning all their games.

The Junior cup was presented to Stallman ,the winners representative, who in turn presented it to Fr. Kucera. Fr. Kucrea expressed his thanks but suggested that the cup be given to the professor of the division.

Fr. O'Hagan was the lucky professor and said that he would keep the cup under "lock and key" 'till a trophy room is arranged.

—J. M. S. '22.

THE "OUTLAWS."

The Outlaws have a mighty team,
They seldom meet defeat,
They always strive to play their best,
No matter whom they meet.

In all the various kinds of sports,
What e'er they chance to be,
They us'lly are the victors;
They know the game from A to Z.

In basket-ball they made a record,
Which is very hard to beat.
Of all the games that they have played,
But once they met defeat.

At forward there is "Cutie",
And also speedy "Jiggs".
While "Penny" also helps them out
Although he does smoke cig's.

At center there is 'Louie"
A guy most slim and tall,
Who always gets the tip-off,
And slips to us the ball.

While at the guard position,
We find old model J"oe",
And also "Flannie" and myself
To knock them for a row.

—R .A. Nevins, '22.

THE VILLAGE SISSY.

With apologies to Longfellow.

1.
Under the shining dance hall light,
The village Sissy stands;
A very dainty, well-dressed wight
With pure and unsoiled hands.

2.
His hair is oiled, perfumed, and long;
His face is white as snow;
His brow is never touched with grime;
His earnings never show.

3.
Day in, day out, from morn till night
He follows up the "flapper";
You'd think he'd break all hearts at once,—
He is so slick and dapper.

4.
Dancing, dressing, dissipating,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees no task begin,
No evening sees one close.

5.
Thanks, thanks, to thee, thou dainty wight,
For lessons thou has taught:
That by a wild and useless life
No fortunes e'er are wrought.

—Leo Oswald, '22.

CAKE EATERS.

Of all the funny bipeds
That dwell on land or sea,
The cake consuming biped
Is the oddest brand to me.

You'll find him in the parlor
With a napkin o'er his knees
And his buzz-saw saw a running
Through miles of cakes and teas.

He wears the patent leather hair
The self sufficient smile
And his ready tongue between the bites
Just drips with honeyed guile.

Take the broom and swat the fly
And gird ye for the fray
Let's free from the cake fiend
The good old U. S. A.!

—C. S., '22.

Opportunity Knocking.

Before next summer's hot weather sets in someone just HAS to invent a pocket refrigerator to hold your Eskimo pies.

THE CONQUEST OF THE LAW.

(Continued from Page One.)

severe air rifle wounds in the vicinity of his ankle.

Early the next morning Detective Ball engaged in a terrible encounter with the enemy. For fully three quarters of an hour they fought until the supply of ammunition was exhausted, and then fought some more with ball bats. Sergeant broke seven knockers over his adversarys' knobs, most of which decoyed visibly after contact with Hennes' head.

Slowly but steadily the officer was forced by weight of numbers toward the edge of a precipice. Finally, after terrific struggles, the officer was forced over the edge. However, as he was falling towards the bottom he spied a stout shrub, growing from the side of the cilff, which, when he reached it he grasped with his teeth. As Max Hennes peered over the brink our hero jerked his pop guns and severely wounded the outlaw.

Then slowly and carefully the officer climbed to the brow of the clitf, and met in terrific combat the Snipe. For quite a while the men struggled in a conflict which would decide whither law or lawlessness would rule East Dubuque. After about an hour's grappling Snipe broke away from the detective and dashed toward the shack The detective followed as soon as he tied Hennes to a cornstalk.

In the cellar of the shanty, Ball and Snipe Stribley fought and struggled in deadly combat. The outcome was dubious until Ball, seizing the furnace shaker hit Stribley behind the ear. Then binding him prsioner securely he jumped on his faithful steed, Raphael, which was entirely black with white spots and dashed to East Dubuque. He sent two constables out.

In order to reward the officer for his wonderful work, the citizens of East Dubuque took up a collection and bought him a Big Ben watch.

So also will the law always conquer over all law breakers.

—John Ball, '22.

FLYING STARS.

(Continued from Page One.)

and then the relatives. He is taken to the church, followed by a mournful procession and then to the cemetery.

But here is the difference between stars and men: Man leaves something behind him besides a bit of ashes. He leaves a good reputation. A reputation that inspires youth to success. A reputation that is looked up to and admired by all who come after him.

—Francis McLain, '22.

Tell Us.

How long must we beat a cow to get whipped cream?

THE DUMB-BELL RACQUE.

The patient was dying. An operation would save him if performed immediately. He was rushed to the operating room. Dr. Charlie, (who stuttered) was operating, with Miss Billy (also a stutterer) assisting.

Dr. Charlie: 'M-m-m-m-m-m-m-miss B-b-b-b-b-b-b-billy g-g-g-give m-m-m-me that c-c-c-c-c-curved knife!"

Miss Billy: "W-w-w-which one?"

Dr. Charlie: "N-n-n-n-n-none now, he's dead!"

—L. Oswald, '22.

* * *

DISAPPOINTMENT.

I was sitting in my window seat
Enjoying the forenoon air,
And in my heart reigned happiness,
For I was free from care.

My classes for the day were done,
For Wednesday was the day.
And as I was not penalized
No wonder I felt so gay.

As I stared down on the smoker roof
And onto the field below
I thought unto myself, that I
Would to the city go.

So sliding from my window seat,
I searched for a clean collar
And then I got my Sunday suit,
In which I found a dollar.

"Hot Dog" cried I in joyous tones,
Now for a little pleasure.
I'll blow myself, I'll celebrate
Unto the fullest measure.

So then I donned my Sunday suit
And neatly combed my hair,
Then brushed and shined my shoes,
And donned my stick pin rare.

And then I thought unto myself,
That I would wander down
And read with joy the names of those
Prohibited from town.

With smiling face I neared the list
And read the words of fate
The names of all the cut-ups
And fellows who came late.

But what is that upon the list
That causes me to jump?
That makes me shudder, grit my teeth
And in my throat a lump.

There is my name upon the list
This fact I hate to mention
I forgot that I was late for class
Of course I got Detention.

—F. Powers, '22.

"Kanned Heat."

He had vowed to Kinlcrece and threw his body into the Lake. He was the town Coleman, and every one knew he was a Goodman when it came to fighting so no one dared ot interrupt him.

One night at dusk his Nabers heard him brooding over his trouble, "I'll have revenge, I'll show him the Powers God gave to me. I am Armstrong and I have a heavy Keane, and I'd even Lynch his whole family for a Schilling. He has my Diamond, and I'll do every thing I Kann to receive. He did not treat me White in the days of Yore. "It might be a small thing to have revenge on, but the whole town will Scherer in my troubles, un-Till I get back my ring."

"It all leads back to that Hussey, who played the game so Schlick. She dragged him in this Meyer. The little Schremp followed her direction, now he has my ring. But I will have revenge in less time than it takes to sing, 'One Haas Shea'."

The town Marshall then walked into the Holloway of his home, and knocked on the door, warning the man to keep quiet or he would be arrested for disorderly conduct.

He then ran out into the snow and Hail, putting his hunter's Horan into his belt as he went.

The Young man kept on, "That Wolf does not Blong in society. He will Kildee at his first opportunity."

"I will throw like a Ball into some Reedy place in the river and he'll be a Gonner."

Then the Insane Asylum. The Van backed up to his house, and took him to his proper home, "Markham down for harmless", said the keeper. And there he resides (Throwing coal from a Carr) dressed in plain Brown overalls, which he doffs at breakfast Noonan suppertime.

And the Miller tells us as he Mangolds the wheat, and the Meis run about the floor, that he is Franke with us, and that this story is true.

J. Reedy, '23.

KAMPUS KWIBS.

Question: What are the prospects for an Academy track team?

1922 will witness the organization of Columbia's first Academy track team. With the exception of two men, most of the candidates are inexperienced in this field of endeavor. But what is lacking in experience is more than compensated for in the native ability and school pride of the candidates. Are you a booster for Columbia Academy's track team? By your action you shall be known.

—A Faculty Member.

Yes, I think there is sufficient material for a good Academy track team and I would like to see one organized. —"Ikey" Ryan, '22.

Best yet! I think there is a wealth of material in the Academy and could be organized in a comparatively short time into a crop of winners. —"Ade" Stierman, '23.

To my mind, if Columbia Academy was at one time able to produce an excellent track team there is no reason why it cannot do the same now. It seems to me that we have the foundation to put out one of the best track teams in the state.

—"Boggs" Houlihan, '22.

We should have one! We have the material and it is good material. Let's get behind them so that they can work out this year, and cop the state track meet next year.

"Vince" Goodman, '25.